

BADLY HURT IN A MINE.

Man Injured and Is Still in a Precarious State.

INDIAN USED A PITCHFORK.

Had Difficulty in Getting Away From the Hostile's Friends - Massillon Notes and Personal Mentions.

Special to News-Democrat.

Massillon, July 11.—John Doubledie, Jr., was dangerously injured while at work in a coal mine near Youngstown Hill, Tuesday morning. Doubledie was at work in one of the rooms of the bank when a mass of coal and slate fell from the roof and pinned him to the floor. Fellow workmen went to his assistance and he was extricated with much difficulty. Drs. Smith, of this city, were called and it was found that the man's right leg was broken and he was internally hurt. He was removed to his home in Youngstown Hill.

SUNDAY FUNERALS.

The undertakers of this city are preparing to take action against Sunday funerals. A meeting will be held in the near future of the undertakers of the city when the matter will be taken up and the ministers requested to co-operate with the undertakers in an effort to break up the practice. An undertaker said today that the custom of having funerals on Sunday was rapidly dying out in other sections of the country and he was of the opinion that if the proper effort were made the custom here would soon become obsolete.

MRS. WETTER DEAD.

Massillon, July 11.—Mrs. Kate Wetter, wife of Henry Wetter, 44 North Alley, died at her home Tuesday evening after an illness of several months duration. Mrs. Wetter was 61 years of age and was highly respected in the community in which she lived. A husband and family survive. Funeral service at St. John's church tomorrow at 2 o'clock. Interment in Massillon cemetery.

WIELDED A GUN.

Frank H. Runwell was arrested last night at the Hotel Conrad by Officer McGuire and placed in jail on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Runwell was employed at the hotel a few days ago to help wash dishes in the kitchen. Last night after supper was over he went into the kitchen and got very familiar with some of the employees. He was ordered to go out which he did returning in a short time with a revolver. In the meantime, the chef anticipating that there would be trouble, got his revolver. When Runwell returned he announced with a flourish of the weapon that when he got through cleaning up there would be only one man left in the kitchen. Meanwhile the police had been notified and Officer McGuire arrived. He took the bad con off to jail. The revolver which he used was a 32-calibre gun and was not loaded. It is said this is the same fellow who has been loafing around the west end for some time past and the police have had an eye on him.

ELKS GETTING READY.

There will be a meeting of the Massillon Lodge of Elks this evening. It will be decided this evening whether or not the lodge will attend the Elks Ohio State reunion at New Philadelphia in a body. In all probability the Massillon Elks will go down in style and set a warm pace for the other delegations.

USED A PITCHFORK.

Yesterday at the show grounds an Indian and a hostler had a set to in which the hostler nearly lost his life by being jabbed with a pitchfork. The hostler's friends came to his rescue and the Indian let out a whoop and started up the river bottoms pursued by a band of howling cowboys. The red man outfooted his pursuers and escaped. It was undoubtedly this brawl which warmed up the blood of the cowboys and made them a dangerous crowd to mingle too closely with during the afternoon and evening.

L. J. BLAKE.

STOLE SHOES

And the Constable Had a Lively Experience Landing Him.

Tuesday afternoon a fellow walked into Charley Henry's shoe store on N. Market street and said that he had come for that pair of shoes that he had spoken to the proprietor about. There was no one in the place but a little girl at the time and she said she did not know anything about it. The fellow said he could find the shoes and so he picked out a good pair worth \$3.50 and said they were the ones. He took the shoes along and told the girl he had seen Henry and it was all right. When Henry came home he found it was all wrong. He had not seen anybody. Investigation showed that the chap was a showman at the Pawnee Bill show. Henry went to Massillon where the show was on Tuesday. He found a man named N. H. Prince that he thought was the fellow and brought him along. At the show grounds the pals of Prince made quite a demonstration and it looked for a time as though there would be trouble. Revolvers began to peep out from under coat tails and for a few minutes things looked serious. The constable was reinforced with a Massillon policeman and the showmen finally subdued. The girl in the store said Prince was the man but he denied it. He said he knew who did take the shoes and that it was

a showman. The other showman came up and paid for the shoes and the case was dropped.

JUDGE TAYLOR

Could Not Come to the City to Decide the Shock Damage Case.

Judge Taylor was expected to come to Canton Wednesday to decide the Shock injunction case. He went over the ground when up on Monday but did not decide the matter. Wednesday forenoon and sent a telegram stating that he would not get up Wednesday. He said he would come up on Friday and it is expected that he will have his decision ready by that time. Should his decision be against the city the water will have to be shut off from the creek at once as soon as the papers are served on the city.

FRIENDS ASSEMBLED

To Pay Tribute to the Memory of a Friend and Brother.

Many of the friends of the late Charles A. Walk assembled at his residence, No. 1624 Washington avenue, Tuesday afternoon to pay tribute to the dead friend and brother. The Arion Singing society, of which he was a member, sang several appropriate German songs. The funeral service was conducted by Alexander Von Landberg, who spoke very impressively of the deceased. Some beautiful floral tributes, silent tokens of remembrance, were arranged upon the casket. A number of the members of the Germania Turnverein attended in a body, as did also representatives of the Liquor Dealers Protective association. The remains were interred at Westlawn cemetery.

SIDE PATH COMMISSION.

Work Would Commence at Once If There Was Any Money.

THE TAGS HAVE ARRIVED

They Are Ready to Go On the Bicycles and Path Would Be Built to Massillon If the Fund Was Good.

The side path commission was to have held a meeting Tuesday night but only Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bell arrived and no meeting was held owing to lack of a quorum. Mr. Tilden said that everything is now ready to get right to work on side paths as soon as the money comes in. The tags for the bicycles have arrived and those who pay now will be granted license for the years of 1900 and 1901. The receipt books are also ready. Treasurer Smith has one with a lot of tags and Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bell each are supplied. All that the commission is now waiting is for the riders to give their dollars and paths will be made at once.

"We would begin work tomorrow on a path from here to Massillon if we had some money in fund," said Mr. Tilden. The tags in the treasurer's office are numbered from 1 to 102 and then the higher numbers are in the hands of the other members who have receipt books. Money can be paid to any of the three. The commission would like to get some one to make a systematic canvas of the city and gather the dollars of the riders but as yet no one has been secured. If they can get in some money the path to Massillon will be finished before the end of the month.

IN A WRONG SHOP.

Mrs. Broadway tapped her spoon sharply against the edge of her saucer. When she spoke she struck right out from the shoulder.

"That tailor over on Lexington avenue has ruined another dress for me," she said.

Mr. Broadway attempted to receive this statement with an air of playful incredulity, but the first word of his cheerful sally fell flat and he promptly discontinued it. Clearly this was no time or place for levity. The very atmosphere was surcharged with the essence of momentous questions, and smiles and gaiety were indicative of very poor taste on the part of the reveler. Mr. Broadway perceiving this, changed his tactics, and said, with becoming sympathy:

"Another dress ruined, did you say?" "Yes," returned Mrs. Broadway icily. "It's the black broadcloth this time. Honestly, I'm fairly driven out of my wits by those people. They spoil everything they lay their hands on. I've talked and talked, but they pay no more attention to me than if I were one of their lay figures. It needs a man to stand up to such people. It's your duty to go down there and protect me. That's what I married you for. I want you to come to their shop this morning before you go to the office and give them a real good talking to. I have to go over after awhile for another fitting, and you can go with me and tell them what's what."

Mr. Broadway did not jest at the conclusion of this outburst. On the contrary he looked very solemn. He decidedly objected, at first, at this strenuous method of helping his wife secure her rights, but when she insisted that if some stringent measure was not adopted the dress would be irreparably ruined and the money already expended for cloth would be a dead loss, he reconsidered the matter and consented to introduce a few sentences couched in manlike language, as a factor in the process of producing a well-fitting gown.

Still he did not deem it prudent to go

to that shop alone. He had heard of dresses that were not expected to fit before, and which came out all right in the long run, and if he was to interview his tailor he desired the assistance of his wife's presence and her testimony to add strength to his remarks. He would arrange to meet her at the shop in question instead of going alone.

"What time are you due at the shop?" he asked.

"The appointment is for 10," but if that isn't convenient for you I can—" "Oh, perfectly convenient, perfectly," broke in Mr. Broadway. "I have to make a call uptown this morning anyway, and will get in the neighborhood of the tailoring establishment about that hour and will meet you at the shop if you like."

Mrs. Broadway was well pleased with this arrangement. It was 10:20 when Mr. Broadway reached the prosperous tailoring establishment on Lexington avenue, where, according to Mrs. Broadway's version, her expensive gown was being ruined by inches. Mr. Broadway had never been in a woman's tailor shop before, and he felt a trifle out of place. He sat down on the edge of a divan in the corner of the reception room and twirled his hat nervously. A small boy in a mutilated uniform came forward presently and inquired his errand.

"I just came in to see my wife," said Mr. Broadway, sheepishly. "I was to meet her here at 10 o'clock but was detained a few minutes."

The small boy was chock full of precocity, and he bowed and grinned knowingly. "Oh, yes," he said. "She told me you'd be here. She's being fitted now, but she'll be through in a little while, if you don't mind waiting."

The small boy's manner was so very conciliatory that Mr. Broadway felt his resentment against a tailor who would dare lay a destructive hand on a \$5 a yard piece of broadcloth gradually vanishing beneath the benign influence. He would have returned the boy's nods and smiles with equalunction in a moment had not the manager unfortunately appeared and reminded Mr. Broadway what he was there for. The manager was also the embodiment of suavity, and to pick a quarrel with him seemed like shying stones at an angel, but now that he remembered the chip on his shoulder Mr. Broadway suddenly bristled with pugacity and boldly threw out his challenge. After he had talked for about two minutes the manager attempted to interpolate a few explanatory remarks, but Mr. Broadway shut him off peremptorily. He had come to the shop to talk, and he knew that if he did not say what he had on his mind while in the mood for it he probably would never again get worked up to the proper pitch where he could do his share toward freeing the women of New York from the galling thralldom of unscrupulous tailors. So he continued talking. He talked for ten minutes. At the end of that time the manager was red in the face and fairly groveled on the rug at his feet. At sight of this humility Mr. Broadway became more tractable.

"My wife seems to be still engaged in the workshop," he said. "I am very busy this morning, and think I shall not wait to see her. Tell her, please, that I was here."

Then he went away very well satisfied with himself. But with characteristic optimism he overestimated the rewards of virtue. His homecoming, instead of being enlivened by smiles and pleasant words, was saddened by frowns and recriminations.

"Well," said Mrs. Broadway, "I see that you are as untrustworthy as ever. I might have known I couldn't depend upon you. You were never known to keep an appointment. Why didn't you come to the tailor's this morning? I waited until 12 o'clock, and still you didn't show up! As a consequence the dress is now irretrievably ruined, for they gave absolutely no heed to my suggestions. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself."

Mr. Broadway was very nearly floored by this attack.

"Not go to the tailor's?" he said, weakly. "Why, I was there. I couldn't see you—you were being fitted, but I laid that tailor out flat as a pancake. I'm not much given to strong language, but I flayed him alive."

Mrs. Broadway had been leaning limply over the back of a chair during this explanation. She now braced up and asked: "What tailor did you visit this morning, Jasper?"

Mr. Broadway exultantly named the Lexington avenue shop where he had disported himself so valiantly. Mrs. Broadway clasped her hands and shrieked faintly:

"Oh, Jasper, she said, 'you've done it again. You didn't mention my name, I'll be bound! You needn't think you're the only man whose wife is having trouble with her tailor. Why, you—you got into the wrong shop. You raised a row on behalf of some other woman. There are two tailors by that name on that street, and you went to the wrong one. My tailor is in the next block.'"

Mr. Broadway tumbled his hair wildly. "Well, I don't care," he said, recklessly, "maybe I helped fit somebody's garments, anyway."—N. Y. Sun.

Wants a Divorce.

Attorney Werntz, acting for Sophia Royer, has commenced suit in common pleas court for a divorce from John Royer. They were married in 1872 and have two children. The wife says her husband has not lived with her since February, 1898, and that he has not supported her for three years or more. Furthermore she says he was cruel. She asks for a divorce, custody of the children, alimony and restoration to her maiden name of Anstine. An injunction is also asked to restrain the defendant from disposing of his property or collecting money due him from an estate.

A Noisy Serenade.

A marriage was in progress in the southwest end of the city Tuesday evening, and several dozen boys assembled in the vicinity with tin cans and other noisy appliances for the purpose of creating disorder. An officer was detailed to disperse them.

Committee Met.

The general executive committee of the Fourth of July celebration held a meeting Tuesday night in the city hall for the purpose of closing up some matters pertaining to the celebration and auditing some claims.

DUELING IN FRANCE.

THE CUSTOM HAS DEVELOPED A NATIONAL FIGHTING BLADE.

It is a Long, Strong Sword, the Epee de Combat, and With It, Were the Combatants So Inclined, Serious Injuries Could Be Inflicted.

Persons other than French are wont to maintain in spite of the occasional pin pricks that the French duelists inflict on one another that French dueling is a French farce. But Frenchmen and sometimes other persons in sympathy with them insist upon being taken seriously. They insist that dueling with swords, which is the real thing in French duels, is not child's play and that compared with it the old fashioned Anglo-Saxon resort to a "pair of fives" is brutality not to be thought of by the scrapping snicker of the boulevard.

The French habit of settling disputes by resort to duels with swords has developed a national dueling weapon, the epee de combat, a long and strong blade with three triangular grooves tapering to a keen point, with edges that never are used save for defense. The hand is protected with a broad, round guard shaped like the gong upon an alarm clock. The handle is straight, with no other incumbrance, and balanced by a heavy pommel which projects beyond the root of the thumb when the weapon is held ready for a thrust.

It is a modern development of the rapier with which Cyrano de Bergerac fought the bullies of Paris. It shows traces of its descent through the elegant court sword which was coming into being when D'Artagnan became a field marshal in the "Duc de Bragelonne." But its hilt makes it impossible for ordinary wear in its present shape, and the epee de combat is the weapon of the French duelist and of him alone.

In 1888 General Boulanger and M. Floquet found it necessary to settle their differences at the sword's point. The critics had not much difficulty in picking the winner between a civilian president of the chamber of deputies well advanced in years who had limited his practice to sparrow shooting with a pistol and a "brav" general in the full armor of his life whose sword was the symbol of his profession. Yet they were utterly mistaken.

If M. Floquet was no swordsman, he was full of quiet pluck and common sense, and he practiced one stroke only the night before the fight. A dozen times, though not too many to make his old limbs stiff the next day, he might have been seen in a well known salles d'armes straightening his arm and raising his wrist until he could only just see the point of his sword above and beyond the ball of his thumb. The next day Boulanger made a furious attack, with many stamps and flourishes. The little president stiffened his back, threw out his point, and the unlucky general impaled his neck upon the blade. Boulanger recovered, to die by his own hand after "Boulangerism" had been discredited.

"Harry Alis" of the Debats suffered much more quickly from the effects of the epee. His real name was Hippolyte Percher, and in fighting a captain of infantry on the Ile de la Grande Jatte about certain scandals connected with the French Congo he was hit in the right arm and bled to death.

The duel fought by Catulle Mendes in May of 1899 was almost as serious, and it was caused while Bernhardt was playing "Hamlet" by some fatuous quarrel over the physical development of the prince of Denmark. M. Vanor, Mendes' opponent, was a fine swordsman and, sportsmanlike enough to recognize the double advantages he enjoyed, contented himself with parrying correctly. Catulle Mendes threw himself on his adversary's point and was severely wounded in the stomach on almost the same ground where Percher had been killed several years before.

It often is urged outside of France that French dueling consists in merely pricking your man in the hand or forearm, as the least disablement is held to "satisfy the honor" of the combatants. But the hand and arm of an adversary are those parts of him which are nearest to you and which you can reach with the least exposure of your own person.

The wound that is produced by transfixing a hand, which may be protected only by the ordinary kid glove of social custom, is not only totally disabling, but also extremely painful. Soldiers who have been shot in the palm invariably collapse for a time with the acute agony produced by the rupture of so many delicate nerve centers. A thrust in the forearm is equally effective, for it disables all the muscles and ligaments that enable a man to hold and manipulate his sword.

But though a fine duelist is always capable of these particular thrusts—and they are far more various than would be imagined at first sight—he has by no means exhausted his strokes when these have all been parried. Attacks in what is called the "lower line" are frequently successful and invariably produce an awkward wound when they succeed. The throat is as vulnerable and as often attacked as is the chest, and it must be remembered that the entire body of each assailant is open to attack and obviously to injury.

Nothing in a Name.

"Where have you been until this shamefully unseasonable hour?" "Been sitting in a 'quick repair' shop, my dear, waiting for my only pair of shoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good chairs are the most difficult pieces of old furniture to find. They received harder use than other pieces of furniture and consequently wore out quicker.

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Susan Shultz late of Stark county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated the 28th day of June, 1900.

CHAS. SEEMANN, Administrator.

Teachers' Examinations.

The Board of Examiners of Stark county will meet at Canton for the examination of applicants for Teachers' Certificates, on the FIRST Saturday of each of the following months: September, October and November, 1899. January, February, March, April, May, June and July, 1900.

Examination of pupils under the Boxwell Law at Canton, on the THIRD Saturday of April and on the THIRD Saturday of May, 1900.

All examinations begin promptly at 8:15 A. M.

All work must be done with pen and ink.

Examinations will be held in the Central High School building.

J. A. STYLER, Clerk, New Berlin.

WORK LETTING.

Notice is hereby given that the Trustees of Lake Township, Stark County, Ohio, will, on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1900, at one o'clock p. m., let to the lowest bidder the work of grading two hills west of Greentown, one 1400 cubic feet, the other 400. Sealed bids will be received to 12 o'clock noon, of the above day. Bids shall be separate for each hill, according to specifications to be seen at the residence of John Schantz, Greentown. Good and sufficient bond for the faithful performance of the work will be required.

The Trustees reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

GEO. F. HUMBERT, JOHN SCHANTZ, D. H. HOOVER, Township Trustees.

Published in the Stark County Democrat July 6 and 13, 1900.

Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Commissioners of Stark county at their session, to be held on the first Monday of September, A. D. 1900, praying for the establishment of a county road along the following described route, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the road leading from Canton to Louisville, on the farm owned by Harvey H. Miller, the same being the northeast quarter of section number thirty-six (36), in Plain township, said county; said place of beginning also being where at present a road starts from the Louisville road and runs in a northerly course through said northeast quarter of said section 36, and continues in a northern course through the farm of A. Buckwalter, which is part of the southeast quarter of section number twenty-five (25), in said Plain township; said proposed road to intersect and end in the public road running east and west along and on the north line of said southeast quarter of section number twenty-five (25).

A. BUCKWALTER, Principal Petitioner, and others.

Published in Stark County Democrat June 22, 29 July 6, 13 and 20, 1900.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.

Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y. "We have sold many dozens of your St. Vitus' Dance Specific, and every case has been cured by it. It has proved a blessing here." ALLEN-CLARK DRUG CO.

SURE AND QUICK CURE.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A high grade, first class 180 acre farm joining the Ohio State Experiment farm, 2 1/2 miles from county seat, Wooster, Ohio. Will sell to close an estate. Price \$60 per acre, terms easy. For particulars see or address R. A. Schmuck, executor, Oshtaburg, O.

22-h

BUGGIES AND DELIVERY WAGONS

to order. Also a large line in stock. Both new and old. Stark Buggy Co., old Dexter works, Navarre street. Phone 783.

22-d

PITTSBURG DENTAL COLLEGE.

Dept. of Western University of Pennsylvania, 711 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(J-26-dm)

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY

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RAILROAD CHICAGO

OMAHA

Via Rockford, Freeport, Dubuque, Independence Waterloo, Webster City, Fort Dodge, Rockwell City, Denison and Council Bluffs.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE TO OMAHA

Buffet-library-smoking cars, sleeping cars free reclining chair cars, dining cars. Tickets of agents of L. C. R. & connecting lines. A. H. HANSEN, G. P. A., Chicago

FOR SALE—If you have a farm for sale procure your abstract of the title now and see that your title is perfect, so there may be no delay when you find a purchaser. The Trump Abstract company, Eagle block, Canton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Three spring wagons, two seats, \$17; phaeton, canopy top, \$30; open buggy, newly painted, first-class, \$25; sixty-five gallon oil or gasoline tank at your price; cook stoves, heating stoves at prices that defy competition; blind horse, very cheap; we have forty-five horses on our books of all kinds, from the wildest bronko to the finest in the land; any person desiring to purchase anything, will do well to consult us, as we are prepared at any time to take you to the owners of horses or cows; we have a fine stallion, owner would trade for city lot; we have a few saddles left, any one wishing to hire a saddle for the 4th of July can do so by calling at 339 W. Third street. Auction Syndicate. Telephone 10484.

22-o

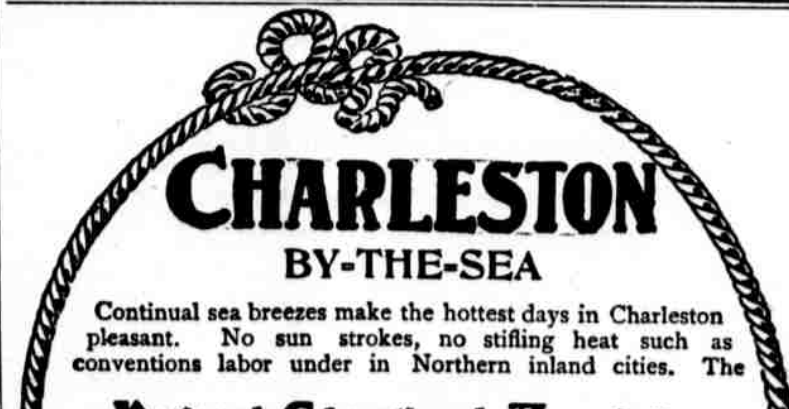
Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Louisa Walter, late of Stark county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated the 21st day of June, 1900.

ANTON W. WALTER, Executor.

22-a



CHARLESTON BY-THE-SEA

Continual sea breezes make the hottest days in Charleston pleasant. No sun strokes, no stifling heat such as conventions labor under in Northern inland cities. The

National Educational Association

meets at Charleston, S. C., July 7th to 13th. Round trip tickets via the Queen & Crescent Route and Southern Ry. are arranged so as to enable visitors to stop en route to visit Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Asheville, N. C. and other points. Be sure your tickets to the N. E. A. meeting read via the

Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets one fare the round trip from all points north (\$2.00 added for membership coupon). Stop-overs are permitted both going and returning. One can return via Washington, D. C. if desired. Tickets are good until Sept. 1, 1900, and side trips from Charleston are provided at low rates. Handsomely gotten up Queen & Crescent literature can be had for the asking.

W. C. RHEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio. The Year 1900-1901.

The 19-20th Century school year, the 55th of the College, begins September 18. The Collegiate Department offers a variety of curricula, with degrees. The Academic fits for College, or affords a good common education. The Normal equips for successful teaching in the public schools. The Department of Oratory maintains a number of standard courses. The Department of Music trains for artistic attainment or for teaching. The Business School has a new outfit of up-to-date courses and methods. The Department of Fine Arts instructs in drawing, painting and decorating. The advantages of Mount Union are numerous and significant. The expenses are low—quite within the reach of every willing student. The new Catalogue sent free on application.